

HIS TURKEY IN LA GUAYRA

SLIMED GOOD TO THE YANKEE
AFTER SPANISH LOOKING.

In horror he thrust himself from the Grand Hotel Neptune and ran into the Consul, whose table was spread for guests that couldn't get there.

After several men had recited Thanksgiving day experiences in the cafe of the Waldorf, yesterday afternoon one whose business takes him a great deal to the West Indies said he believed he could outstep anything that had been told.

"Ever been in La Guayra?" he inquired. There was a chorus of negation. "La Guayra, you may know, is the seaport for Caracas, Venezuela," he went on. "It's only about seven miles away, if you measure it on the map, but to get from one place to the other you have to go by rail and then it is something like twenty-five miles, because the road has to climb over a mountain."

"Well, five or six years ago I was down in Trinidad, when I got orders to get back to New York by the quickest route. The best I could do, I figured, was to take a Royal Mail steamer to La Guayra and then catch a Red D liner for home."

At that time I didn't speak a word of Spanish. I had never been to Venezuela and did not know that outside of Caracas and one or two ports it was necessary to have a few words of that language at least. The Trent was due to arrive at La Guayra on Thanksgiving morning, and I calculated that if I could not find anybody there to whom I could go, I could easily get to Caracas, where there was at least one American who knew me."

"When we reached La Guayra the port authorities would not let the ship dock, but made her come to anchor just off the end of the breakwater. The port captain, who I was told was a French Count, a big, pompous chap, demanded to see my passport. It was at the time when Castro was very ill and they were careful about whom they let into the country. I did not have a passport, and I had the hardest kind of a time persuading the official that I was a harmless traveler who was only going to be in Venezuela until the next direct steamer for New York could take me away."

"He finally consented to let me go ashore. The purser of the ship had told me there was a hotel in the place. But, old chap, he had added, 'take my advice and get to Caracas as fast as you can. La Guayra has had so many epidemics of yellow fever that I should be very careful about sleeping on strange mattresses.'"

"Getting through the custom house was a matter that involved only a small expenditure of cash, but considerable of vocabulary. One man, however, understood a little English, and a present of a bottle of rum made him helpful. I told him I wanted to have my trunk taken to the railroad station."

"For Caracas," he inquired. I nodded. "But, señor, train will not run. An accident," and he went through a lot of pantomime."

"But I must get to Caracas to-day," I insisted. "The train," he shrugged his shoulders. "Impossible, unless the señor he walk. But here is hotel. Grande hotel. Neptune. Fine, big. Like New York. Good."

"There was no alternative, so I let him get a man to carry my valises, and we went for the hotel. It had a big sign on it, but that was all the claim it had to being grand. I went into the office, signed my name to a greasy looking register, and was shown to my room. It was up a rocky stairway and opened upon the balcony of an enclosed court, really the patio, but doing duty as the dining room. One glance at what was to be my quarters chilled me. The bed was a cot on which was a dirty mattress and a soiled blanket. There was no sign of a sheet. I pointed to the bed and made some gestures at the porter who had shown me up. After some time he nodded comprehendingly, smiled, disappeared and came back holding triumphantly in one hand a much torn towel."

"I went down to the office, but not a soul there spoke English."

"Sheets," I shouted, and over and over again to the woman in the office. She went and called the proprietor. I took him upstairs and pointed to the bed. He looked at me in amazement and then said something to the porter, who brought instead of a sheet another blanket even dirtier than the one that graced the cot. The thermometer at La Guayra, I might mention, always seems to touch 100 degrees in the shade."

"Well, after a lot of pantomimes I had to abandon the question of sheets, and then I thought I would investigate the food question. I went down to the dining room and picked up the menu card. It was all in Spanish. I seized upon a dish that was half way down the list and pointing at it told the waiter to bring me some. He brought fifteen minutes it came, and it was a mixture of grease, garlic and straw."

"I immediately called for my bill, paid it and went out into the street. I searched for food and somebody that spoke a word of English. I walked back to the Custom House, but that was closed and there was no sign of the waiter whom I had given the bill for. I entered one shop after another in search of somebody that could speak my native tongue, but in vain. There were few persons on the street, but I tackled every man I saw. The nearest I got to English from any of them was 'Ah, Americano.'"

"I asked about a solid hour and a half without seeing anybody that could even say good morning in a Christian fashion. I was just about to give it up and return to the hotel in despair when I caught sight of a tall, thin man wearing a black alpaca coat and a wide brimmed black felt hat. I looked at his face and I could have shouted for joy. It was not handsome, but it was a type that couldn't be mistaken. Clean shaven, large featured, pure Yankee, but restrained himself and followed the man at my best walking pace. Suddenly he put a key in a door and opened it. I got there after the door closed and found myself staring at a shield that bore the American eagle and the announcement that this was the consulate of the United States. I could have kicked myself for not having thought sooner of finding the consul."

"I knocked at the door and after a moment's waiting I was admitted. The consul stood in the hallway. I told him I had a chance to say anything before he would go, and he grabbed my hand and vamping me inside, closed the door."

"Well, for the love of Moses, should you drop from?" he demanded. I explained and introduced myself. "Well, well, well," he explained. "You are a godsend. Where is your baggage?"

"He had a heavy laugh when I told him. Then he called a man and told him to Spanish to go and bring my things to the house."

"How would you like to eat a real Thanksgiving dinner?" he demanded. "Turkey?" I said.

"He nodded. "Pumpkin pie?" "Yes, sir."

"And cranberry sauce?" "Yes, and everything else except celery."

"I stared at him in astonishment. He laughed. 'It's easy,' he explained. 'You see my folks up home shipped me on the Red D boat that arrived here the other day a live turkey, some mince pies that were kept in storage on the way down and a lot of the other delicacies that are associated with Thanksgiving.'"

"I had invited several American friends

in Caracas to come down to eat with me and had planned a feast for them. But the railroad went out of business and they cannot get here. I was just about to face the problem of eating all that dinner alone when you turned up. Say, this is great!" and he seized my hand and wrung it. "Great!" I echoed. "It's stupendous!" and I told him my experiences of the day. Well, sure enough, in a few minutes dinner was announced, and I assure you I have eaten some big dinners in my time, but I never sat down to one that tasted like that. The Consul proved a most delightful host. Talk about an oasis in the desert! Well, if you had known La Guayra and the Hotel Neptune in those days you would have felt as I did, that I had struck a little bit of heaven in the midst of the other place."

THANKSGIVING DAY ABROAD.

Many American Naval Officers Present at Dinner in London.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—The display of gold brocade gave unexpected splendor to the American Thanksgiving dinner here to-night, which was almost a naval function owing to the attendance of a number of American naval officers and the presence of the American flag, now in English waters. Admiral Sir Edward Seymour and Rear Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.

The speeches contained many allusions to the naval visit. Ambassador Reid, the members of the embassy and a number of other prominent Americans and Englishmen were present.

PARIS, Nov. 24.—Thanksgiving Day was celebrated enthusiastically here and at Cherbourg and Brest. The American sailors visiting these cities were on their best behavior. Among those who feasted at a Paris hotel was Gen. Bernardino Reyes, formerly Mexican Minister of War, who ate pumpkin pie with a large party. The Maharajah of Baroda and Messrs. Amory and Elliott were of the party.

PRESIDENT'S THANKSGIVING.

Attended Pan-American Service at St. Patrick's and Worked on His Message.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—President Taft spent a comparatively quiet Thanksgiving day. In the morning, with Mrs. Taft, he attended the Pan-American Thanksgiving service at St. Patrick's Church. Secretary of State Knox, other members of the Cabinet and representatives of practically every nation in the two Americas were present. Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Diomedes Falconio, the apostolic delegate, attended the celebration of the mass.

Returning from St. Patrick's the President took luncheon at the White House. In the afternoon he continued his work on his annual message to Congress, interrupting it late in the day to take an automobile ride with Mrs. Taft through Rock Creek Park.

The Tafts sat down to their Thanksgiving dinner at 7:30. The thirty-seven guests included Mr. and Mrs. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. Robert and Charlie Taft, the President's two sons, had their turkey elsewhere, but Miss Helen Taft was at home. There were also a few guests at the dinner, friends of Miss Helen.

Most of the members of the President's cabinet dined at home. Secretary of State Knox, Mr. Knox, had with them their sons Hugh and Reed and Reed's wife, Secretary of the Treasury Franklin MacVeagh and Mrs. MacVeagh had as their guests the Secretary's brother Wayne MacVeagh, Mrs. MacVeagh and Miss MacVeagh. The Attorney-General and Mrs. Wickersham were the guests of Secretary of Commerce and Labor and Mrs. Nagel. Postmaster-General Hitchcock was the guest of Mrs. James McMillan. Secretary of the Interior Ballinger dined with Assistant Secretary of the Interior Frank Pierce. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson dined at home with friends.

DINNER AT ACTORS HOME.

Guests Entertain With Varied Dramatic and Musical Program.

The thirty-eight guests of the Actors Home at West New Brighton, Staten Island, had considerable of a Thanksgiving Day yesterday. Supt. William G. Barron of the home had sent to Virginia for the turkey.

After dinner the guests gave an entertainment which was attended by one hundred or so friends of the actors and of the home. S. K. Tapster was master of ceremonies at the show, and B. T. Stevens was announcer. Those who took part included Edward Tannehill, G. W. Pike, Henry Irving, Miss Jennie Fisher, Mrs. Minnie Stevens, Nan Potter, Mrs. Ella Marvel, Mrs. Ada Martin, Mrs. Gabriel Campbell, Samuel K. Chester, Charles Edwards and E. A. Wares.

The program was made up of scenes from various plays in which the actors used to appear, and of recitations and musical numbers of various kinds.

GAME DINNER FOR R. R. MEN.

Mrs. King, World's Biggest Ranch Owner, Hostess of Notable Party.

KINGSVILLE, Tex., Nov. 24.—B. F. Younk, chairman of the Frisco executive committee, Percy Rockefeller of New York, B. J. Winchell, president of the Frisco, A. J. Earling, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and a number of other railroad officials, were the guests to-day of a word M. King, the largest woman ranch owner in the world, at a Thanksgiving dinner at her ranch home, four miles from here. The feature of the feast was the variety of wild game, including venison, turkey, duck, goose and wild hog, all killed on the ranch.

Gov. White's and Gov. Eliot Dix's Thanksgiving.

ALBANY, Nov. 24.—Gov. White and Mrs. White entertained a Thanksgiving house party at the Executive Mansion, which included State Chairman Ezra B. Pond, Gov. Eliot Dix, A. Dix and Mrs. Dix spent Thanksgiving at their town house in Albany.

RED AND SAID NOTHING.

Announcement of Quiet Marriage Only One Day Late.

It became known in Newark last night that Ernest D. Easton, secretary of the Newark Anti-Tuberculosis Association, was married the night before to Miss Elizabeth Ashbach of 755 South Orange avenue, who was in charge of the children's department of the Visiting Nurses Association. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Elliott White of Grace Episcopal Church.

Mr. Easton went to Newark from Providence, R. I., a little more than a year ago. He was introduced to Miss Ashbach at the wedding of his sister, Miss Frances Ashbach, who was married to Joseph J. Formanash, a year ago Thanksgiving. Neither Easton nor Miss Ashbach is a resident of Newark, but they were married last Tuesday night, when she told her mother that she was engaged and was going to be married the next night. Mr. and Mrs. Easton went to Atlantic City on their honeymoon.

Lawyer on Both Sides Complimented.

Supreme Court Justice Benton of Rochester, who is sitting in New York by assignment, heard the suit of William Caldwell against the City of New York for back pay. A jury found for Caldwell. In his opinion Justice Benton paid this compliment to Assistant Corporation Counsel Arthur Sweeney and to counsel for Caldwell:

"The case has been thoroughly studied, well briefed and presented with great ability and clearness—each claiming conclusive authority in his support."

It is the simplest thing in the world to make a hot biscuit perfectly with

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure And when made it is the most delicious of foods.

And you are absolutely confident of its absolute wholesomeness.

No Alum No Lime Phosphate



OUR THANKSGIVING MEDLEY

SAVATION ARMY IN NEW YORK

A WATER WAGON PARADE.

1,000 Chronic Pedestrians Get Abroad for a Ride to Evangeline Booth's "Boozers' Day" Meeting Cost of Living Ignored on Bowers and in Jail.

The increased cost of living? No one gave a tinker's dam, with or without a final "I" for it yesterday. As the sign outside a Bowery eating place where you don't have to "watch your overcoat," because if you eat there you probably haven't one, said:

"Turkey with cranberry sauce and a plate of chicken soup on the side, 25 cents, and to hell with the cost of living."

So if you didn't have turkey with all the fixings yesterday it must have been because you were neither very rich nor very poor, but belonged to the unfortunate middle ultimate consumer class.

New York celebrated the day in the varied way which has become its custom. Some persons went to church before the turkey and others went to the turkey before attending the evening meetings at the missions and that was the principal difference between the two sides of the town. Probably the first to be internally thankful were the 1,000 and more men who line up outside of the Bowery Mission at 11 o'clock in the morning for bread and hot coffee. That was only a starter, however, the bread lines got plenty of chances to continue the filling up process later in the day, no matter where ambition led them. The mission itself distributed dinners to poor families and entertained 1,200 men at a turkey feast at 8 o'clock. The Department of Charities furnished free dinners to 1,600 families, in addition to the Thanksgiving tables spread for the 13,000 inmates of institutions.

The Municipal Lodging House patrons called it "the day of the big feed," because the lodging house people, remembering that private charity makes less of the day than it does of Christmas, put forth an unusual effort on Thanksgiving Day. The lineup of the hungry for a block up First avenue, long before the city's hotel opened its doors, at 12:30, and it was after 6 o'clock before the last line up outside of the city hall. More than 1,000 men, women and children were the city's guests at the lodging house.

There were dinners too at the New York City Lodging House, the Rescue Mission on Bowers street and many other charitable organizations. The Salvation Army gave up the day to a big water wagon campaign, "Boozers' Day" the Army called it. Over the door of the headquarters in West Fourth street was a huge sign, "Boozers' Day. Come In." But the Salvationists didn't wait for them to come in. Instead the Army, marshalled by Col. McIntyre, started out at 2 o'clock to gather in candidates for the water wagon.

The parade was headed by a sprinkling cart driven by six horses and bearing a sign, "Boozers, what about mother, wife and child? Get on the wagon!" Next came a float depicting the "sea of despair," in which a drunkard, surrounded with cards and bottles, was sinking for the last time, while a man in the uniform of the Army stood ready to throw him a life preserver.

The water wagon parade went up Fifth avenue, circled the Flatiron Building and came down Broadway to Union Square. Saloons along the route of march and in other parts of the town were raided by the Army in search of water wagon recruits. More than 30 pledges were signed at the noon meeting and the total for the night meeting, at which Commander Evangeline Booth presided, supported fifty ex-boozers, a vice president of the night meeting there was a parade of the ex-boozers and their converts of the day. Coffee and rolls were served to the water wagon recruits.

At the door of the Army's headquarters there stood all day long a strong voted private who called "Come In." Come in, all you who are in need of a water wagon, to the water wagon passengers of long and short standing told the party they had taken to reduce the visible supply in the old days. The "nocturnal" pledgees called him a "boozing" from Boozeville, boasted that in his day the brotherhood worked the keg and carried a tin can as the badge of membership. He and his fellows he said, at least "got it honest" and didn't hold up people with a plea for a tucker to buy food.

Then Jim Hall, introduced as a man who twenty-five years ago was so tough that he was expelled from Hell's Kitchen, told about the peril of a seat on the water wagon, to which he had been helped by a German saloon keeper, who was the only man who believed in him when he tried to climb on. The "nocturnal" pledgees called him a "boozing" from Boozeville, boasted that in his day the brotherhood worked the keg and carried a tin can as the badge of membership. He and his fellows he said, at least "got it honest" and didn't hold up people with a plea for a tucker to buy food.

ALL CARS TRANSFER TO
Bloomingdale's
Lexington to 3d Ave. 59th to 60th Street

Now that Christmas is approaching apace, time is an important factor. To save time accessibility is helpful to the man or woman who wants to visit the really first class stores. There is no store more easily reached from any part of Greater New York than "The Store of Certain Satisfaction"—Bloomingdale's, convenient now to everywhere, whether one travels via auto, carriage, elevated, surface car or afoot.

Do Your Xmas Shopping Now
At "The Store of Certain Satisfaction."

Buy your Christmas presents early—early in the day and early in December. That will be your biggest gift of the holidays to the workers behind the counters and on the delivery wagons.

Single Stone Diamond Rings Magnificent Cluster Rings

For men and women splendid cut diamonds mounted in 14 kt. gold in various styles. Stones, weight about 1 carat, and are beautifully set. Each really wonderful value. **\$57.50**

of fine diamonds, with sapphires and rubies, set in platinum. The actual value is \$150. They cannot possibly be obtained anywhere in the country at that price, our price **\$110**

A Very Pretty German Silver Bag for Her

Have pierced frames and are beautifully finished, turned in edges. The bags are in various styles, some with long handles, some with short handles, some with long handles, some with short handles. **\$5.00**

Give Him an Umbrella Or, Give Her an Umbrella

Fine pure silk with tape edge, strong and durable. Beautifully finished. **\$5.00**

How About a Smart Velvet Kimono Style Waist

A new style of rare beauty. They are trimmed with leopards and buttons of taffeta, velvet, collar, and cuffs of taffeta. You may have them in black or navy. Any woman would be delighted with one of these waists as a gift. They're low priced, too. **\$5.98**

Gloves Never Go Amiss Men Like Gloves, too

A woman never has too many gloves. Here you will find a large stock of kid, silk and rubber gloves. **\$1.00**

14 kt. Solid Gold Waltham and Elgin Watches

Here is an opportunity to buy a rich gift for a man, woman, or boy at a price—pleasing price. There are 3 sizes. New thin model, beautifully polished. **\$14.50**

Xmas Writing Papers Give Her a Set of Furs

Just imagine some lovely covered, some with fancy floral designs. Each box contains 20 sheets of paper, 10 envelopes, and 10 stationery cards. **23c**

Visit Our New Toyland on the Fourth Floor

It is larger, brighter, bigger, brighter and better than ever before. The stock of the new toyland is about five times as big as before. **23c**

BLOOMINGDALES', Lex. to 3rd Ave., 59th to 60th St.

College Boys and Girls

SHOP AT

ALEXANDER'S

Shoes especially planned for young people. Authoritative styles in large assortment, moderately priced. Our very quick service and prompt deliveries are appreciated by young people home on the short holiday.

ANDREW ALEXANDER

SIXTH AVE. AT 19TH ST., NEW YORK

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GIMBELS

Travel Center of New York

Extraordinary News for Men!

6936 New SHIRTS
of Gimbel at 85c
\$1.50 Standard

Months ago we were promised by certain leading makers of shirts that, in consideration of the large orders we placed for the opening of our New York Store, we should have first choice of all their stock-on-hand after their Fall orders were filled—at a particularly attractive figure.

THE SHIRTS ARE READY TODAY—and a finer, handsomer lot could hardly be found at full prices. NOT A SHIRT IN THE WHOLE COLLECTION OF NEARLY 7000 IS LESS THAN \$1.50 QUALITY, based on standard GIMBEL valuations. Patterns that a man would naturally choose from a regular assortment. The shirts are all new, and the laundry-work is excellent. Comprised in the offering are the following groups:

Forty-two hundred Negligee Shirts of unusually fine madras, Jacquard-figured, corded, or satin-striped, with neat figures and stripes, mostly in black. Coat style, attached stiff cuffs.

Nine hundred Negligee Shirts of mercerized madras, delightfully comfortable, in self-striped or colored striped effects on white, tan and pongee grounds, also other fast colors. Soft double cuffs.

Smaller lots of the following shirts: Plated-bosom shirts in handsome patterns. Soft mercerized shirts, with collars attached, for golf or tennis. Percal shirts of fine grade in neat designs. Plated-bosom white Pique shirts. Shirts of white Oxford cheviot. Printed cheviot shirts with soft cuffs.

All told, a wonderful variety of desirable styles, and all

Today at 85c Each

NOTE—The whole Main Aisle, from 1st to 12th Street, will be devoted to the selling, with an increased force of salespeople to assure prompt service.

Each Master-Clothier Unto His Best Talents Produces Gimbel Clothing

A Sargent excels in portraiture—a Baker in marines.

Were each to seek both avenues of expression they probably would be little more than mediocre.

In the assembling of Gimbel clothing we have sought specialists.